

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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'Tis Beautiful.

To see a strong man helping the weak
And making their cause his own,
Then reaping a harvest of grateful love
In the fields where his strength was sown—
'Tis a beautiful thing to see!

To say a word of encouraging cheer
To a fainting fellow soul
That lacks but a hearty "Friend, godspeed!"
To bring it home to its goal—
'Tis a beautiful thing to say!

To put one's breast as a bulwark strong
In front of some friendless wight,
To shield his heart from an ugly wrong
And conquer for him his right—
'Tis a beautiful thing to do!

Atlanta Constitution.

The Louis-D'or.

When Lucien de Hem saw his last bill for a hundred francs clawed by the banker's rake, when he rose from the roulette-table where he had just lost the *debris* of his little fortune, scraped together for his supreme battle, he experienced something like vertigo, and thought that he should fall.

His brain was muddled; his legs were limp and trembling. He threw himself upon the leather lounge that circumscribed the gaming table.

For a few moments he mechanically followed the clandestine proceedings of that hell in which he had sullied the best years of his youth, recognized the worn profiles of the gamblers under the merciless glare of the three great shadeless lamps, listened to the clinking and the sliding of the gold over the felt, realized that he was bankrupt, lost, remembered that in the top drawer of his dressing table lay a pair of pistols—the very pistols of which General de Hem, his father, had made noble use at the attack of Zatcha; then, overcome by exhaustion, he sank into a heavy sleep.

When he awoke his mouth was clammy, and his tongue stuck to his palate. He realized by a glance at the clock that he had scarcely slept a half-hour, and he felt the imperious necessity of going out to get a breath of fresh night air.

The hands on the dial pointed exactly to a quarter of twelve.

As he rose and stretched his arms it occurred to him that it was Christmas Eve, and by one of those ironical freaks of the memory, he felt as though he were once more a child, ready to stand his little boot on the hearth before going to bed. Just then old Dronski, one of the pillars of the trade, the traditional Pole, wrapped in the greasy worn cloak adorned with frogs and passementerie, came up to Lucien muttering something behind his dirty, grayish beard.

"Lend me five francs, will you, monsieur? I haven't stirred for this place for two days, and for two whole days seventeen hasn't come out once. You may laugh at me all you like, but I'll bet you my fist that when the clock strikes twelve, seventeen will be the winning number."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; and fumbling through his pockets, he found that he had not even money enough to comply with that feature of gambling etiquette known among the frequenters of the establishment as "the Pole's hundred cents."

How could he give what he did not have? And if he had found but a single louis, would he not hazard it to retrieve the fortune he had lost?

He passed into the ante-chamber, put on his hat and cloak, and disappeared down the narrow stairway with the agility of the people who have a fever. During the four hours which he had spent in the den it had snowed heavily, and the street, one of those narrow wedges between two rows of high buildings in the very heart of Paris, was intensely white.

Above, in the calm sky, cold stars glittered.

The exhausted gambler shivered under his furs, and hurried along with a blank despair in his heart, thinking of the pistols that awaited him in the top drawer of his dressing table. He had not gone a hundred feet when he stopped suddenly before a heart-rending spectacle, one that would have touched the sympathies of all but the most hardened of gamblers.

On a stone bench, near the monumental doorway of a wealthy residence, sat a little girl six or seven years old, barely covered by a ragged black gown.

She had fallen asleep there, in spite of the bitter cold, her body bent forward in a pitiful posture of resigned exhaustion. Her poor little head and her dainty shoulders had moulded themselves into the angle of the freezing wall.

One of her own slippers had fallen from her dangling foot and lay in the snow before her. Lucien de Hem mechanically thrust his hand into his vest pocket, but he remembered that he had not even been able to fee the club waiter.

He went up to the child, however, impelled by an instinct of pity.

He moaned, no doubt, to pick her up and take her home with him, to give her shelter for the night, when suddenly he saw something glitter in the little slipper at his feet.

He stooped. It was a louis-d'or. Some charitable soul—a woman, no doubt—had passed there, and at the pathetic sight of that little shoe in the snow had remembered the poetic Christmas legend, and with discreet fingers had dropped a splendid gift, so that the forsaken little one might still believe in the presents of the Child-Christ, and might awake with renewed faith in the midst of her misery.

A gold louis.

That meant many days of rest and comfort for the little beggar.

Lucien was just about to awaken her and surprise her with her good fortune when, in a strange hallucination, he heard a voice in his ear, which whispered with the drawing inflection of the old Pole:

"I haven't stirred from the place for two days, and for two whole days seventeen hasn't come out once. I'll bet you my fist that when the clock strikes twelve, seventeen will be the winning number."

Then this youth, who was twenty-three years of age, the descendant of a race of honest men—this youth, who bore a great military name and had never been guilty of an unmanly act—conceived a monstrous thought: an insane desire took possession of him.

He looked anxiously up and down the street, and having assured himself that he had no witness, he knelt, and reaching out cautiously with trembling fingers, stole the treasure from the little shoe, then rose with a spring and ran breathlessly down the street.

He rushed like a madman up the stairs of a gambling-house, flung open the door with his fist and burst into the room at the first stroke of midnight. He threw the gold-piece on the table and cried:

"Seventeen!"

Seventeen won.

He then pushed the whole piece on the "red."

The red won.

He placed thirty-six louis on the red.

By some kindly touch of the fairy of chance the red again came up a winner.

He had now won seventy-two louis.

The crowd pressed closer to the table and peered anxiously over each other's shoulders as the play grew more and more exciting.

He left the seventy-two louis on the same color. The red came out again.

He doubled the stakes twice, three times, and always with the same success.

Before him was a huge pile of gold and bank notes. He tried the "twelve," the "column,"—he worked every combination. His luck was something unheard of, something almost supernatural. One might have believed that the ivory ball, in its frenzied dance around the table, had been bewitched, magnetized by this feverish gambler and obeyed his will.

Those who had been losing all evening, and though with all their money spent, still hovered round the gaming-table, fascinated by the mere association, looked with envy on the daring man who seemed to hold Fortune a slave.

With a few bold strokes he had won back the bundle of bank-notes he had lost in the early part of the evening. Then he staked two and three hundred louis at a time, and as his fantastic luck never failed him, he soon won back the whole capital that had constituted his inherited fortune.

Old Dronski the Pole, who had asked for a beggarly five francs but

a half-hour before, glared at Lucien as if he could devour him; all this money he, Dronski, might have had. Was it not his by right? Was not the tip to play "seventeen" at midnight his? And he had missed it all, this fortune for a mere pittance!

In his haste to begin the game he had not even thought of taking off his fur-lined coat, the great pockets of which were now swollen with the rolls of bank-notes and heavy with the weight of gold.

And still Lucien played on. His face was flushed, his hand unsteady, and a reckless, vibrant bravado crept into his voice.

Not knowing where to put the money that was steadily accumulating before him, he stuffed it away in the inside and outside pockets of his coat, his vest, his trousers, in his cigar-case, his handkerchief. Everything became a recipient.

And still he played and still he won, his brain whirling the meantime like that of a drunkard or a madman. It was amazing to see him standing there throwing gold on the table by the handful, with that haughty gesture of absolute certainty and disdain.

But withal there was a gnawing at his heart, something that felt like a red-hot iron there, and he could not rid himself of the vision of the child asleep in the snow—the child whom he had robbed.

"In just a few minutes," said he, "I will go back to her. She must be there in the same place. Of course she must be there. It is no crime, after all. I will make it right to her,—it will be no crime. Quite the contrary. I will leave here in a few moments, when the clock strikes again. I swear it. Just as soon as the clock strikes again I will stop. I will go straight to where she is, I will take her up in my arms and will carry her home with me, asleep. I have done her no harm; I have made a fortune for her. I will keep her with me and educate her; I will love her as I would a child of my own, and I will take care of her—always, as long as she lives."

But the clock struck once, a quarter past, half-past, and Lucien was still there.

Finally, a few minutes before two, the man opposite him rose brusquely and said in a loud voice:

"The bank is broken, gentlemen; this will do for to-night."

Lucien started, and wedging his way brutally through the group of gamblers, who pressed around him in envious admiration, hurried out into the street and ran as fast as he could toward the stone bench. In a moment he saw by the light of the gas that the child was still there.

"God be praised!" said he, and his heart gave a throb of joy. Yes, here she was! He took her little hand in his.

Poor little hand, how cold it was! He caught her under the arms and lifted her. Her head fell back, but she did not awake.

"The happy sleep of childhood!" thought he.

A motley crowd of revelers from some masquerade passed by on the other side, shouting with merry peals of laughter and badinage, yet he scarcely noted them, scarcely heard them, so intent was he on the chilled little bundle of humanity in his arms.

He pressed her close to his breast to warm her, and with a vague presentiment he tried to arouse her from this heavy sleep by kissing her eyelids. But he realized then with horror that through the child's half-open lids her eyes were dull, glassy, fixed. A distracting suspicion flashed through his mind. He put his lips to the child's mouth; he felt no breath.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! what have I done?" he cried in his despair. It was murder—a life taken for a paltry louis. What could he do now?

While Lucien had been building a fortune with the louis stolen from this little one, she, homeless and forsaken, had perished with the cold. Lucien felt a suffocating knot at his throat.

In his anguish he tried to cry out; and in the effort which he made he awoke from his nightmare, and found himself on the leather lounge in the gambling room where he had fallen asleep a little before midnight. The garcon of the den had gone

home at about five o'clock, and out of pity had not wakened him. A misty December dawn made the window panes pale. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, took a bath, then went over to the Bureau of Recruits and enlisted as a volunteer in the First Regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant. He has not a cent in the world but his pay. He manages to make that do, however, for he is a steady officer and never touches a card.

He even contrives to economize, it would seem, for a few days ago a comrade, who was following him up one of the steep streets of the Kasba, saw him stop and lay a piece of money in the lap of a little Spanish girl who had fallen asleep in a doorway.

His comrade was startled at the poor lieutenant's generosity, for this piece of money was a gold louis.

Miss Stratton's Portrait.

It's of no use, Delphine," said Miss Stratton, turning round from the glass before which she had been crimping her dyed "frizzes"—"no use whatever! I'll never give my consent to your throwing yourself away upon a man who can't earn enough to support himself, much less a family!"

"But, aunt, he is clever, and will get a good practice in time."

"In time!" repeated Miss Stratton, contemptuously. Yes, in about twenty years or so, perhaps. And meanwhile, what do you and he propose to live on?"

"The—money that grandma left me would help us to begin with," said Delphine, timidly.

"Five thousand dollars! How far would that go? And besides, you forget that I was left to you only conditionally. I should be false to the trust reposed in me," said Miss Stratton, erecting her thin form with an air of moral dignity, "if I gave my consent to your wedding yourself to a life of poverty, and the wretchedness which poverty always entails. You can marry George Irving if you choose—mind, I don't say that I forbid it—but with my consent, no hard-earned money of my deceased mother shall ever go into the pockets of an Irving."

In the last sentence Miss Stratton betrayed herself. The high, moral tone vanished before the self-interested motive, which was the real basis of her persistent opposition to Delphine's marriage.

She had not forgotten that young Doctor Irving's father had jilted her in her youth and married her boss-om-friend Mary Lance; nor that this course had been brought about by Doctor Irving's Aunt Dorothea, who had been her special rival from their very babyhood, and who had warned her favorite brother that he would not be happy with Millicent Stratton as his wife.

As to the doctor himself—who had as yet barely become accustomed to his new professional title—it was true that he was very poor, but Delphine had been right in saying that he was clever, and would probably win a good practice.

And if—the girl often thought wistfully—if only she could bring him that five thousand dollars to begin with—to set up a horse and buggy, for instance, and rent that desirably located, brand-new office—how much it might do for him, and how happy they might be!

And it all rested upon a word from Aunt Millicent, which she refused to speak. Most people said that that was a very unjust condition of old Madam Stratton's will, by which the five thousand dollars was to be hers only upon the express stipulation that she did not marry against her aunt's consent.

The young folks, one and all, pronounced it "horrid" and "cruel," though there were some among the elders who remembered how the old lady herself had made a most unhappy marriage, against the will of her family; and how her favorite daughter, Delphine's mother, had followed her example and been equally wretched.

And, as she expressed her belief that such things "ran in families," she had in Delphine's instance guarded against a similar recurrence by making it a condition that her

granddaughter should marry with the full consent and approval of her shrewd, sharp and scrupulously correct Aunt Millicent, who had been always very severe in condemnation of her sister's imprudent match.

Miss Stratton loved money, and though very unwilling that the five thousand dollars should go to the various charities to which it had been bequeathed in case of Delphine's forfeiture of it, she would, in her own heart, rather have seen it cast into the ocean than in any way benefiting the son of John Irving and Mary Lane, and the nephew of Dorothea Irving, who had recently averred that, despite Millicent's airs, "none of the Strattons could hold a candle to the Irvings."

Delphine's eyes were full of tears as she reported to her lover the conversation with her aunt, and that lady's declared unalterable decision in regard to her marriage.

He tried to soothe her.

"Let the money go!" he said, impatiently. "It is a comfort to think that she cannot forbid our marriage, though she may keep us apart for awhile. But we are young and can afford to wait—can't we, darling?"

"I will wait for you all my life, George, if it is necessary," said Delphine, trustingly.

Yet, though they both tried to look cheerful, their hearts sank at the thought of the slow-rolling weeks and months, and years perhaps, in which they must live apart, scarcely meeting except by accident, since Miss Stratton objected to her niece's receiving the doctor's visits at her own house.

It was about this time that a sensation was created by the arrival of an artist—no third or fourth-rate professor, but a genuine artist, with a name for his health, allowed it to be understood that he would condescend to the light recreation of painting a few portraits of the aristocracy; and the aristocracy, for the most part eager to secure this proof of their being such hastened at once to secure his services.

Among the first to call upon Mr. Blender was Miss Stratton.

To be sure, his charges were enormous—quite ruinous, indeed—but, then, as Mrs. Goldsby, the former jeweler's wife, superciliously remarked, there was "the same difference in high and low art as in real and imitation diamonds. If one would have the genuine, one must expect to pay accordingly, and everybody knew what incredible prices were paid for oil paintings nowadays."

And Mrs. Oldborough, who had no diamonds, but boasted of perfect grace, observed that "of course it was necessary for every old family to keep up its family portrait gallery." So she meant to have her own likeness taken and hung beside that of her grandfather, the judge.

It required a long time for Miss Stratton to consider in what style she would have her portrait taken.

Finally she decided upon a full length figure in the midst of a garden, the face shaded and softened by a pink parasol, and her hands, full of roses.

This would serve to display her height and the dignity of the carriage, and also allow of considerable picturesqueness in her dress, falling gracefully about.

She gave the artist several sittings, and being then assured that he could complete the portrait with the assistance of a photograph left with him for the purpose, she waited in pleased anticipation of the result.

On the day appointed by Mr. Blender, Miss Stratton repaired to the studio, and the completed portrait was unveiled before her eyes.

She surveyed it for some moments in silence.

"You don't call this a likeness?" she at length demanded, very abruptly.

"An excellent likeness, madam," returned Mr. Blender, composedly.

"But—but"—surveying it first from one side and then another—"it looks ten years older than it should do. And it's too thin—and sallow. And the smile is not at all like me. I'm sure the corners of my mouth don't turn up like that. Why, it's a positive smirk! No one would ever imagine that it was intended for me."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but

I have faithfully represented both the feature and expression, and consider the coloring unusually good and true to nature!" said Mr. Blender, politely, but firmly.

"It's a perfect fright!" said Miss Stratton.

Mr. Blender shrugged his shoulders in a deprecating manner, and the lady's face became very red.

"You promised me a good likeness, sir," she said, "for which I agreed to pay you one hundred dollars."

Mr. Blender bowed.

"I do not consider this a likeness at all. It must be altered."

"To alter it would be to destroy the likeness."

"You decline to make any change, such as I might suggest?"

Mr. Blender replied that he was not accustomed to paint portraits after the suggestions, but according to his own judgment; that he allowed none but perfect likenesses to go forth from his hand under his name, though he made a point of adding whatever softening touches could be judiciously introduced. He had done so in this instance.

Miss Stratton glared at him indignantly. Here was insult added to injury.

"All that I have to say is, that I do not consider the picture a likeness, and must decline to take it," she said resolutely.

"Do you mean madam, that you decline to pay for it?"

"Certainly, sir! I cannot be expected to throw away a hundred dollars on a caricature such as this!" she replied indignantly.

Mr. Blender then proposed to refer the question of the likeness to any person whom she might select; and Miss Stratton immediately sent across the street for the grocer and his wife with whom she had dealt for a score of years.

"Now, Mr. Green," said she, as soon as they entered, "just look at the picture and me, and tell me if you could ever have imagined that it was intended for me?"

Mr. Green smiled with a recognizing smile, but receiving an admonitory nudge from his wife looked solemn and doubtful, and shook his head.

"Lor!" said Mrs. Greene. "Why, you don't mean to say, Miss Stratton, as it was ever intended for you?"

"Mr. Blender calls it a likeness," said Miss Stratton with sarcastic bitterness, "and expects me to pay one hundred dollars for it as such. I call it a caricature. Look at the smirk, and head thrown back, and the long nose and hard, black eyes, with no shade about them. No, Mr. Blender, I will not take this picture. You have heard what these good people say, and I am certain that my most intimate friends would not recognize it."

"Very good, madam!" said Mr. Blender, with great politeness. "You are perfectly sure that no one would recognize the portrait as your own?"

"Perfectly."

"I am satisfied," said the artist, stepping back and bowing as the lady, followed by the grocer and his wife, passed out.

And when the door was closed on them he smiled to himself in a very peculiar and significant manner.

Some days after this, Miss Stratton was passing down the main street, which her attention was attracted by a group of passers-by, who had stopped in front of a fashionable book store.

Glancing at the window, her footsteps were instantly arrested, and she stood still, breathless with surprise and dismay.

There was her portrait—the identical portrait which she had pronounced a caricature—only that while the figure remained intact, the rest of the picture had undergone a complete metamorphosis.

The garden was changed to a sunny glade in a wood; the fountain in the background had given place to a gipsy tent, and before the thin, smirking, befrizzled figure in lace and velvet stood a beautiful, dark-eyed young girl, in simple, graceful gipsy costume, intently studying the palm of the lady's hand, while two roguish faces peeped at them from behind a tree.

The picture was labeled, "Telling Past Fortune."

"Why, it's the image of Miss Millicent Stratton!" said one and

another of the beholders. "Did you ever see such a likeness? He, he, he!"

And in midst of the exclamations and the laughter, Miss Stratton beheld the new minister coming up the street, evidently bent upon seeing what had attracted the crowd.

Not for worlds would she have had him behold her painted in this character; and she instantly rushed into the store and confronted the proprietor.

"Take it down at once—instantly!" she exclaimed. "I—I will buy it!"

The man obeyed.

The picture disappeared from the window just as the clergyman came up, and seeing him pass the door, Miss Stratton, reflecting upon the narrow escape, felt like fainting.

However, she recovered herself, and in a state of the utmost excitement, made her way to Mr. Blender's studio.

"Sir," she indignantly demanded, "how dared you exhibit my portrait as you have done, and without asking my permission. It is an insult and an outrage, for which I will have legal satisfaction?"

And she sat down, trembling and breathless.

"I beg your pardon, madam!" said Mr. Blender, with perfect composure. "But did you not assure me that it was no likeness, and that your best friends would not recognize it as such?"

Miss Stratton was silent. What reply, indeed, could she make to this?

"I shall insist upon the picture being destroyed!" she said at length.

"By no means! I have bestowed much labor and pains upon it, and have succeeded in converting it into quite an original and striking design—one which will be sure to please the public taste."

"I—I will give the hundred dollars," said Miss Stratton, desperately.

Mr. Blender smiled a superior smile.

"As the picture now is, I shall charge ten times that sum for it."

"A thousand dollars," gasped Miss Stratton.

"A thousand dollars," he replied calmly.

Her face flushed, and tears started to her eyes.

"I could never afford to give that sum; and yet to have my likeness exposed in this way to the jeers and ridicule of the public. Oh, Mr. Blender, have you no consideration for the feelings of a lady?"

The artist took a meditative turn up and down the floor, then seated himself opposite his distressed visitor.

"Perhaps," he said, mildly—"perhaps we can come to terms."

"What terms?" she inquired eagerly.

"I will destroy the picture, madam, upon one condition—that you will have some consideration for the feelings of one who should be very dear to you—your niece, Miss Delphine, and by consenting to her marriage with my esteemed young friend and relative, Doctor Irving, make two deserving young people very happy."

"They—they are too poor," said Miss Stratton, taken very much by surprise.

"Your mother's legacy will enable them to make a fair beginning, and I know of an opening for a young physician which will do the rest."

Miss Stratton hesitated nervously and wrung her hands.

"Give me a day or two to—think it over," she said.

At the end of the day or two, she called Delphine to her, and told her that she had been considering the matter of her marriage with Doctor Irving, and concluded to let her have her own way, and that should she in the future suffer for it, not to lay the blame upon her shoulders.

And that same day Mr. Blender presented her with the picture of "Telling Past Fortune," which she with her own hands cut to pieces and burned in the privacy of her own room.

And as to Delphine and her husband, they have never allowed Miss Stratton to suspect that they knew by what means her gracious consent to their marriage was brought about.—*Saturday Night.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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THE Seventy-Sixth Annual Report of the New York Institution comes to us fresh from the press of the State printer. It is a document of one hundred forty-four pages, and shows that the attendance during the year was three hundred and ninety, an increase of thirty-five pupils over the preceding year. The institution is keeping up the spirit of progressiveness that has characterized the present management, not only in perfecting the material interests and equipment of the establishment, but also in the line of special educational features, thereby justifying the claim of offering greater advantages to deaf children than are possible for other schools of the class in the State. The Principal writes: "The system of grading introduced at the beginning of the preceding year has been continued with a still closer approach to an equalization of the actual attainments of the pupils, and a very satisfactory advance in the general scholarship has already been noticed as a result of this mode of classification."

"In the general government and discipline, reliance is especially placed upon kind reproof judiciously administered. In obstinate cases, the penalty inflicted is loss of privileges and of credits in the general standing. Offenses against propriety in the exercise of a privilege are attended by a temporary or permanent deprivation of such privilege."

"The principal object of all instruction is the acquisition of the English language, to the end that the pupil shall be able to express his own ideas and wishes in correct form and to comprehend those of others when addressed to him. To secure this, every known aid is used. The methods and appliances are adapted to the individual needs as indicated, upon the principle that the advancement of the pupil is of greater consequence than the upholding of any single system. And yet due regard is had to the employment of long-tried aids which experiment and experience have proved to be of value."

Special prominence has been given to the dactylology, as a means of leading the pupils to a proper and ready use of language, and finger-spelling is required in the classrooms, the dining-room, and in general conversation. But repressive measures are not followed to the detriment of the pupil, because, as the Principal states, "it cannot be regarded as desirable to prevent the expression of a thought by means of a gesture or of pantomime, when the English vocabulary of the individual is insufficient for this purpose. Such gestures or signs are not, however, to be used to the exclusion of written, spelled,

or spoken language, but rather shall give way to these forms when not retarding an easy interchange of thought."

"Nothing has been left untried that could tend to develop the greatly-to-be-prized medium of communication—speech. Its acquisition must ever be regarded as an important factor in the sum of the accomplishments requisite in our pupils to enable them to most conveniently communicate with the world at large. During the year every pupil has, for a portion of the school day, received instruction in articulation and speech-reading, and there have been three classes in which oral or aural teaching has been employed to the exclusion of other methods. * * * Clearness of enunciation, so that the non-expert can readily understand what is uttered is the goal we are striving to attain," and in case of individual failures, the blame can not be laid upon the institution or upon the methods employed. In every case of failure in speech or speech-reading, there has been the ability to communicate by finger-spelling and writing.

An important and progressive step has been taken in establishing a gymnasium, with a specially qualified and experienced physical director. The physical well-being of the pupils has been greatly promoted, and, through the exercise thus given to the lungs, better results have been attained in vocal speech.

A new building for kindergarten training has added to the advantages and benefits which the Institution holds out for very young deaf children.

A complete record of examination averages of every pupil is given, and the examination committee, headed by Rev. M. Van Rensselaer, sums up as follows:

"Not to prolong this unduly may, we be permitted to congratulate the principal and teachers on the bright, healthy and happy young people developing under their wise and faithful care."

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard, D.D., and is especially appropriate, dwelling upon "The Youthful Spirit of Christianity."

Reports by the Institution physician, the otologist and ophthalmologist, and the dentist, demonstrate the watchfulness and care given to the pupils of the institution.

Appended to the Report is the paper read by the Principal, Enoch Henry Currier, M. A., at the meeting of the American Association to promote the teaching of speech to the Deaf. Principal Currier gives a complete history of articulation teaching at the New York Institution, and brings out the hitherto unknown fact that it was the "first oral school established in America."

Altogether the Report is a very interesting one, exemplifying the most modern and scientific methods in the education of the deaf.

THE *Educator*, published and edited by Messrs. Davidson and Booth, at the Mt. Airy Institution, has been discontinued. The reasons assigned are various, but the chief one is that it did not pay. The *Educator* was quite a good paper, and dealt with practical subjects relating to the education of the deaf, which must have been beneficial to teachers who read the paper. But, during the last year or two, the "pure-oral" leanings of the *Educator* have been so marked that it was regarded as the organ of the "pure-oralists." The editors claim to have been impartial, and we doubt not that they so intended. Whether or not the *Educator* was killed by an overdose of oralism, it is not for us to say. Of one thing we are positive, which is that the editors worked hard and earnestly and long to make a useful and successful paper, and their only reward has been the consciousness of duty done.

Still Plodding.

KINDER, N. D., April 18.—Charles Schmidt, the deaf-mute who is sent out by the Left Hand Fishing Club, of Houston, Tex., to walk from Minneapolis to Portland, Ore., thence to Houston, Tex., arrived here at 2:30 yesterday, and on account of the severe wind storm had to stop over till Monday, and then he will continue his journey.—*Minneapolis Press*.

Never be ashamed to acknowledge a fault; confession is half the victory.

THE EDUCATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

AN INTERESTING STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COLLEGE.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

Various statements that have recently been published as to an alleged "new method" of teaching deaf-mutes, which is soon to supersede all others, seem to render desirable an exposition of the truth in the matter. The fact is that no new method of educating the deaf has been invented for 140 years, and that the oral method, about which so much has been said of late, is quite as old as the equally valuable manual method.

It is a curious coincidence that in 1755 two men of marked ability and learning should have founded in their respective countries, France and Germany, schools for deaf-mutes, out of which have grown permanent national systems for the education of this interesting class of persons. As pioneers in a work of benevolence which commands universal sympathy, the names of Charles Michel de l'Epée and Samuel Heinicke will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

The method employed by De l'Epée was based on "the language natural to the deaf-mute himself—that of pantomime"—and the good Abbe believed that "this corrected, enlarged, and perfected by a skilful hand, would prove adequate to interpret written words, and to express every shade of thought."

De l'Epée taught speech to some of his pupils, but as he made great use of signs and finger spelling, his way of teaching the deaf has very properly been termed the manual method.

Heinicke started out with the preposterous and long since abandoned claim that "in mental development the defect of hearing cannot be supplied by the medium of vision, and that abstract ideas cannot be infused into the minds of the deaf and dumb by any process of writing or with the assistance of methodical signs." He undertook to teach all his pupils to speak, and to gather the meaning of the speech of others, by observing closely the movements of their lips; an operation, by the way, the partial success of which at once refuted the first claim just quoted. Heinicke made small use of gestures and none of the manual alphabet. His mode of educating the deaf has therefore been correctly termed the oral method.

A long, earnest, and sometimes acrimonious controversy was carried on by these two good men as to the relative merits of their respective methods. Heinicke so persistently decried the method of De l'Epée that in 1782, after twenty-seven years of pedagogic warfare, the matters in dispute were submitted to the Academy of Zurich, a body of learned men scarcely inferior to the French Academy, which gave its decided approval to the methods followed by De l'Epée, according high praise to the language of signs he had developed, as one which had reached "the opulence of a copious and polished tongue."

But this decision did not terminate the controversy between manualism and oralism, and it is only within the past twenty years that a way has been suggested of reconciling the conflicting elements.

Until very lately the supporters of each method have demanded that the other should give way. But it is to the credit of American instructors that in this country, first of all, it has been shown that the best education of the deaf could be secured, not by the exclusive practice of any one method, but by a judicious combination of all.

For fifty years following the establishment of the first school in this country at Hartford, Conn., in 1817, the manual method had almost exclusive sway in the schools for the deaf in the United States, although in several, notably the parent school, instruction in speech was afforded to a limited number of pupils. During this half-century the schools of the United States, though they taught few of their pupils to speak, gave them the essentials of a practical education, and sent them out into the world fitted to be happy, upright, intelligent, and self-supporting citizens. So much cannot be said of schools for the deaf in any country where the method of pure oralism has had undisputed sway.

In 1867 two schools were established on the German or oral method, one at Northampton, Mass., the other in New York City. There were then about twenty-five schools in the country, in which there were nearly 3,000 pupils. In 1868 a conference of principals met at Washington, D. C., and was attended by seventeen heads of schools, including the most prominent and experienced. These men were all supporters of the manual method, and yet they were so open to conviction as to the value of oral teaching that after careful consideration of the representation of several members of the conference who had made exhaustive examinations of the oral methods as practised in Europe and in the new schools in this country, they unanimously adopted resolutions declaring it the duty of all in-

stitutions for the education of the deaf and dumb to provide adequate means for imparting instruction in articulation and lip-reading to such of their pupils as might be able to engage with profit in exercises of this nature.

The result was the general and speedy adoption of speech-teaching in the established institutions, and a system of education in which the two methods so long contending against each other might be harmoniously combined came into vogue.

In 1894 there were 88 schools in the United States and Canada, with an attendance of 9,534 pupils, of which only three, with 23 pupils, were conducted on the manual method, and 18 only, with 820 pupils, confined themselves to the oral method. In all the others, containing 8,691 pupils, a combination of methods exists, and of the pupils in these schools 1,090, or nearly one-half, are taught speech.

The great body of intelligent instructors to whom the education of these 8,691 children is committed are agreed that no error could be greater than to expect all deaf children to succeed in learning to speak. The supporters of pure oralism, from the days of Heinicke to the present time, have hugged this delusion to their hearts; and as a consequence, the education of hundreds and thousands of deaf children in Germany, France, and Italy, who have been cruelly stretched on the procrustean bed of a single method, has been more or less of a failure.

The attitude taken within the last few years by educated deaf-mutes in this country, as well as in Germany, France, and Great Britain, in regard to the matter of methods is most significant. In the summer of 1893, among the many important world's congresses held at Chicago, was one of educated deaf-mutes from many countries. Many of the delegates had been educated in oral schools, others in manual schools, and still others in combined-system schools. Toward the close of the congress a resolution was adopted enthusiastically, and without a dissenting vote, declaring that "the combined system, giving equal recognition to the manual and oral methods, is the only system of instruction that meet all conditions and purposes," and recommending its adoption by all schools for the deaf where it is not yet in use.

An endorsement of the combined system, coupled with the condemnation of schools that follow but a single method, has come within the past year from another source.

The School Board of Portland, Me., under whose direction a considerable school for deaf children has been carried on for sixteen years, came to question the success of the oral method which had prevailed in the school since its establishment, and a committee, including the superintendent of public schools, a prominent editor, and other men of high standing and intelligence, was appointed to visit the schools at Northampton, Mass., and Hartford, Conn., where the different methods of educating the deaf might be observed under the most favorable conditions, the former being one of the oldest oral schools in this country, while the latter stands easily among the most successful of the combined-system schools. After very careful examination of these schools, the committee made a report, urging that broader and more flexible methods should be employed, and recommending the use of the combined system.

The radical change which has since taken place in the Portland school suggests the very serious question whether the continuance of schools conducted on the purely oral method ought to be encouraged. It is not in this country alone that action looking in this direction has been taken. In many of the cities and large towns of Germany associations of educated deaf-mutes exist, whose object is to improve the condition of their class. All have been educated under the oral method, for no other is followed in Germany. Within the past five years the educated deaf in Germany, learning of the superior results attained for their class under the combined system in America, have moved with great earnestness for the adoption of broader and more flexible methods in the schools of their country. They have held public meetings and passed resolutions similar to those adopted by the Chicago congress. They have sent in monster petitions to the Emperor begging for the introduction of manual methods into the schools. A similar course has been pursued in France.

In England a commission of eminent men, appointed by the Queen to make careful investigation into the subject of educating the deaf, and to take note of all different methods and means employed, visited many schools in the United Kingdom and on the Continent, and summoned experts to London from parts of Great Britain and Ireland and from America. Strenuous efforts to secure a decision in favor of restricting aid to purely oral schools failed, and the commission recommended that, while the policy should prevail of giving all deaf children an opportunity to learn to speak (which is also one of the aims

of the combined-system schools of America), the support of the government should be accorded to all schools, of whatever method, that could show good results in intellectual development.

A new school for the deaf was established last summer in Preston, England, whose managers were led by the weight of the evidence given by an American witness before the commission to decide in favor of the American combined system, although they had been offered considerable sums of money for the school as inducements to adopt the pure oral method exclusively. A recent letter from its head master reports that the forty-four pupils have been divided into four classes, one manual and three oral, that very gratifying results in speech have been attained, but that "in written language the pupils of the manually taught class made during the first term at least 30 per cent. better progress than the oral pupils."

An important element in this system is the language of signs, which the oralists of to-day proscribe and reject, on the ground that the use of signs by deaf children operates very unfavorably on their acquisition of speech. This opinion is not shared by teachers who have worked long under the combined system, for their experience shows them that deaf children as well as others may learn and use two languages, *pari passu*, with success. And it appears further that deaf children who have the natural ability to acquire speech, which is a power in them akin to the musical or artistic faculty in normal children, will do so under proper instruction, even while they are allowed a reasonably free use of what is indisputably, to them, a more natural and satisfactory means of communicating thought than speech. But what is of even more consequence than this, experience has fully proved that the language of gestures furnishes a means of easy and early communication with deaf children, and is at all stages of their education a source of mental stimulus and satisfaction, of which nothing can fully take the place.

In no country of the world is the general primary education of the deaf so fully provided for as in the United States. Every deaf child seeking an education can obtain it, even though he be penniless. And this primary education includes not only what is usually taught to normal children in the public schools, but, in most places, an industrial training which gives the recipient the means of earning a livelihood on leaving school.

Beyond this, to the deaf of the United States, as to those of no other country, the doors of a college are open, in which those who have the ability to grasp it can pursue a course of advanced study which includes something of the classical language, a fair introduction into French and German, much of the natural, political, and intellectual sciences and mathematics, with history and literature according to the taste and industry of the student.

This college is liberally sustained at Washington by the federal government, and to students who are poor tuition and board without charge are afforded. The graduates of the college have become teachers, clergymen, lawyers, bankers, practical chemists, astronomers, librarians, editors, and publishers; have been elected recorders of deeds, and have entered on many other employments in which their college training has given them greater success than they could have attained without it. None has as yet been found in the halls of Congress, but the writer has been assured their presence there would be welcome, "provided they had not been taught to speak!"

In the college at Washington there are students who can speak, and some who cannot. All who desire it are given instruction in speech and lip-reading, and those who have acquired these valuable accomplishments before entering college are afforded all needful means of employing, preserving, and improving their speech. Manual methods are made use of in the college, but only where experience has proved them to be superior to oral methods in reaching the results the college is aiming to secure—namely, the highest possible intellectual and moral development of its students.

The college is equally open to orally taught and to manually taught deaf youth, and many of the former class have availed themselves, with marked success, of its advantages, with no detriment to their powers of oral utterance. It is true, however, that many graduates of pure oral schools have been deterred by their teachers from entering the college, and have been advised to enter high schools and colleges for normal youth, with the assurance that they could secure in them a higher education of more value than was afforded in the college for the deaf at Washington. It few cases, however, have the results been fully satisfactory; in many instances they have proved wholly disappointing, and in some they have been deplorable.

After leaving school and college, the deaf of this country have, in common with those of other lands, the great comfort and blessing of

religious services conducted by competent clergymen and leaders in their own expressive language.

And it is worthy of remark, in balancing the advantages of the methods alluded to in this article that very few of the orally taught deaf can follow, understandingly, the utterances of an ordinary public speaker—even though they sit very near him. The claim, often made, that many can do this, is without foundation. Proof of this is afforded in the fact that the great majority of the graduates of the pure oral schools soon connect themselves with churches and classes where religious instruction is given in signs, speedily learning the language by association with those using it, if indeed they have not already acquired it surreptitiously, as is very common in their own schools, from which it is supposed to have been carefully excluded.

It has been shown that the so-called "new method" of teaching the deaf to speak is not new at all. If any mode of educating the deaf is to be regarded as "new," it is the combined system, under which the schools of America have come to enjoy the deserved distinction of being regarded as the best in the world. And if the friends of the deaf in the United States would do the greatest possible good to those in whom they take an interest, they will earnestly second the demand of the educated deaf themselves, in this country and in Europe, that the combined system shall be introduced into all schools for the deaf where it is not yet employed.

E. M. GALLAUDET.
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 20.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Mrs. Everts and Mrs. Roberts of the ladies board, had business here on the last Thursday in March.

Miss Julia Gardner spent a few days this Spring with Mrs. E. M. Chamberlain, in the upper part of New York City, during her stay in town. Julia probably attended the farewell reception which was given at the Rectory of St. Ann's Church.

Mandeville Nelson, of Virginia, a grandson of Mrs. C. M. Nelson, is visiting at the family mansion in Poughkeepsie.

A party of ten girls drove here on a recent Saturday afternoon, the stage in which they came was tastefully decorated. Among them was a well-dressed colored damsel. They are members of the guild of Zion's Episcopal Church at Wappingers Falls. The visitors brought on Easter offering in the shape of a box containing ready-made articles for women, bureau covers, checked dish-wipes, etc.

Mrs. Totten has changed considerably since the year set in. She is hardly able to go up and down stairs, on account of her advanced age.

On Palm Sunday, April 7th, Mr. Samuel M. Brown conducted chapel services here. He was graduated from Fanwood, and is a collector in New York City for the Home.

Mrs. Julia Gallup was a Wednesday afternoon caller lately. She brought some candy for us.

Mrs. Kipp is in receipt of a pretty photograph of her granddaughter, Florence H. Seymour. The little tot is beginning to walk, so she will soon be able to run about and play. The inmates have contributed their mite toward swelling the coffers for the celebration of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet's golden wedding which takes place next summer. It promises to be a grand affair. Very many hearing and silent friends of the venerable couple intend to honor the occasion with their presence. "Ted," the well-known and versatile JOURNAL reporter will doubtless be on hand to take down all that transpires.

A short time ago Mrs. Starr received a visit from her sister, Mrs. E. M. Howard, who is staying at the Old Ladies Home in Poughkeepsie.

Messrs. Brewer and Palin have been busy of late enlarging the frame structure which the latter put up last year. It will be used for a work shop.

Mr. I. B. Gardner paid a flying visit here not long ago. He was looking well, and in excellent spirits. New York seems to agree with him, though his country born. Miss Lauderdale, of Genesee, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. Nicholson some weeks ago.

A New York daily under date of April 9th, brought us the news of the destruction by fire the night before of the trades building which belong to the Fanwood School. It is too bad such a calamity should have befallen the Institution. However, no body could be blamed. We thought that the JOURNAL would not be published again for a while, as its plant had perished in the flames, but were surprised and delighted to get the paper shortly after the conflagration happened. Despite the irreparable loss which Mr. Hodgson has sustained, he seems determined to keep the JOURNAL in the front, no matter what difficulties or obstacles come in his way. He is a man of pluck and perseverance.

Mrs. Barnhart is obliged to keep her left foot in a bandage because some one trod on it. The old lady bears up bravely.

LOUISE.
April 25, 1895.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Olof Hanson has been selected as the architect to prepare the plans of the Montana School, at Boulder—*La. Petitioner*.

An exhibition was given by the pupils of the Hartford School, in the Hall of Representatives of the Capitol, on April 24th.

Mr. William H. Terbush, of Danbury, Ct., has been very sick with hemorrhage of the stomach, but is now slowly improving.

Miss Evangeline Kelley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., expects to visit her friends in Westport, New Haven, and Woodbury, Ct., during May, and in June she will join her parents in the White Mountains.

Irvin Eyer, of Marietta, Pa., is employed as a tailor by Ramey B. Van Etten, in Millford, Pa. Mr. Van Etten was a schoolmate of Irvin Eyer, in Philadelphia. He is doing a good business, and has many regular customers.

On the 23d of April at 922 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O., Rev. Austin W. Mann solemnized marriage between Mr. Mitchell Stanton, formerly of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Miss Jennie Evelina Adams, a graduate of the Michigan School. The couple will reside in Cleveland.

The baseball club of the Xavier Deaf-Mute Union have secured very attractive uniforms, and are ready to arrange games with all deaf-mute clubs who may desire to play Saturday games. Challenges can be sent to John F. O'Brien, Manager, 1846 Park Avenue, New York City.

The most experienced, no matter in what profession, will sometimes err, my dear "Tresnal." Tom Brown should not be set down as an "Ex-King." You cannot find anywhere this side of the Golden Gate a silent man able to give Tom Brown, of New York, points on umpiring. As before said, the best are apt to be erratic. In that slide to third in the Xavier-Fanwood recent game umpire Brown was guilty of a hasty misjudgment. Having decided the player was out, and having said so on the instant, he was too good an umpire to go back on his first decision. The players and spectators may have decided otherwise, but for Brown to go back on himself would have been a slur on his reputation as the best umpire to be found in mutedom. All hail to Thomas W., and his fame "King of Umpires" (in mutedom), long may it hold sway.

To Aid Deaf-Mute Children.

The Society of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, generally called Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who conduct St. Joseph's Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, Exchange and St. Elizabeth's Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes and others at 235 East 14th St., applied for funds to carry on their work. They also require more helpers. The clergy are requested to recommend this noble community to such of their penitents who show signs of a religious vocation. It matters not whether the aspirants be American, Irish, German, French or Italian. Neither does it matter whether they be rich or poor.

FOR THEIR POOR.

AN EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY DEAF PEOPLE.

Last evening, in St. Stephen's Hall on Franklin Street, the deaf people of Buffalo gave an entertainment for the benefit of their poor. There are quite a number of deaf people in the city, and when they get together they enjoy themselves fully as much as their more fortunate brothers and sisters. They gave an entertainment which would do credit to the best of amateurs. The audience was a good-sized one and was composed largely of deaf people. Quite a sum of money was realized.

The programme was opened with a short address by the Rev. T. B. Berry, who at one time taught in a deaf-mute institute. The Misses McPhail, Carroll, Weber and Botts gave a sign recitation; Messrs. Conlon, Hallett, Schnaeb, and Watts produced a laughable pantomime; the Misses Carroll, Knorr, and Botts gave a tableau; Miss Mary Kiefer recited "Fourteen Years of Silence," and Miss Gertrude E. Maxwell, Barbara Frecheie.

The most unique part of the entertainment was a pantomime, "Love in Ambush." Mr. Webster, Mrs. Kowald, Miss M. A. Carroll, Mr. Conlon, Mr. Klein, Miss Tillie Botts, Miss R. Marks, Miss M. Weber and Mrs. J. Schnaeb assumed the different roles in the cast. Every bit of conversation was carried on in the sign-language and at times it was excruciatingly funny.

The entertainment concluded with the peculiar ceremony of a Japanese wedding, in which all the deaf people took part. Their costumes were such as are worn in the production of the "Mikado."

Many of the deaf people present last night are graduates of the Institute for Deaf-Mutes at Rome, N. Y. The others are graduates of institutions in the city. The deaf people live in various parts of the city, but they are great people to call on each other and indulge in social pleasures. Quite frequently they hold an entertainment among themselves.—*Buffalo Courier*, April 17.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Reminiscences of War Times.

"OBJECT OF A COLLEGE COURSE."

Brevities.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The "Lit" held its first meeting for the third term, Friday evening, President Howard in the chair. Mr. Denison gave an extremely entertaining account of "Kendall Green during War-times." Speaking of Lincoln, he said that at his levees the President wore white gloves, but he was so hearty in his way of shaking hands that they always split before the evening was over. He was not handsome, but one felt the nobility of his nature and his kindness of heart, as soon as one looked on his face. He towered a head taller than anyone in the room. At the time when Lincoln had sent forth a call for troops, mails were not delivered for a whole week in Washington, and great excitement prevailed. Would the North respond? Was the country loyal? All sorts of rumors were afloat. Not a newspaper was to be had. The attending physician then was Dr. Garnett, who was much beloved by all. One day he failed to pay his usual visit, and it soon transpired that he had gone to join the Southern army as Surgeon General. This was just after the news of Sumter. Half the people in Washington were "Yankees" and the other half "Seecesh." Once a rumor spread that the capitol was to be burned, and the officers of the institution bethought themselves to prepare a long roll of white cloth, on which was painted in big black letters the name of the Institution, so if there was danger of a mob, it could be displayed, and perhaps be the means of saving the buildings on Kendall Green. At last the troops began to arrive. The Massachusetts Sixth Regiment was the first. The train on which it came, the B. & O., was crowded, soldiers even standing on top of the cars, and some were bandaged from wounds received at the hands of the mob in Baltimore. They brought mail and newspapers, and the latter told how the North had risen to respond loyally to the President's call. The inhabitants of Kendall Green watched the train pass, and cheered the soldiers who cheered in return. Soon more troops came pouring into Washington. All along Florida Avenue was a multitude of snowy tents. The old pump on Kendall Green, near the kitchen, was the most convenient one for the soldiers, and they came flocking over, lounged around it, and struck up acquaintances among the pupils. By and by a sentinel was set to watch the pump, and keep the soldiers in order. Only one at a time could help himself, and then he must move on. One morning the snowy encampment was gone. The boys in blue had literally "folded their tents like the Arabs and as silently stolen away."

Once a sentinel saw Collins and another pupil talking in signs outside the gate. He thought they must be "seecesh" and eager for glory, made as he thought a capture; but his officer chided him for his stupidity, and set them free. Once an officer on horseback rode up to Mr. Denison and excitedly inquired where he could get any cannon. These incidents seem amusing now is this time of peace. But it was a sad time then. Every day the station would be found full of soldiers, wounded or ill and going home to die as their wan countenances seemed to say. And there would be seen those long boxes wherein the remains of soldiers killed in battle were being taken home for burial.

One day four soldiers called at the institution and inquired for Madame Gallaudet. That was the matron, and mother of President Gallaudet. When she came they greeted her in the sign-language and explained that they were four brothers named Hawk, the sons of a couple who had been educated under her husband, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. They wished to see her and tell her how grateful they were for the education of their parents. One was a captain, one a sergeant, the next a lieutenant, and the youngest a drummer boy in their country's service. Not so very long ago, Mr. Denison met an agent peddling clothes wringers who could use the sign-language; it turned out to the same drummer boy.

Mr. Denison's brother joined a Vermont regiment and was encamped in Washington. Mr. Denison went with some friends to see him, found him on duty as sentinel. He took no notice of his brother who was quite non-plussed, and began to fear his memory of kith and kin had failed, but soon, on being relieved from duty, rushed at him eagerly and explained that it was

his first service, so he dared not be seen talking to any one until off duty. Again, once as Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. Denison were returning from the city they saw a fire in the vicinity of Kendall Green; hastening on, they ascertained that a mob of soldiers had set fire to some slave cabins at Brentwood, and suspecting Mrs. Patterson of being "Seecesh," because she was not able to furnish something they asked for, were threatening to burn her house. She was alone with her aged mother, and trying vainly to deny the charge. Dr. Gallaudet mounted the steps and gallantly came to her rescue. He was well known to the soldiers and his words convinced them. They stopped burning, and Mrs. Patterson set tables for them under the trees and provided such a feast as she could. Col. Ellsworth, of Alexandrian fame, formed his troops of Zouaves from hardly New York firemen. He had not drilled them so completely as intended, when his death occurred as history tells, in the act of hauling down a traitor flag; his Zouaves swore to avenge his death, but, alas! they dishonored his memory by being the first to flee from the field of Bull Run. They came running into Washington, and bragged of their exploits on the field, gaining eager listeners until others arrived who knew the facts.

After Mr. Denison finished, there was a debate: "Resolved, That the treatment Union prisoners received in Confederate prisons was unjustifiable." Messrs. Snielau, '97, and Stewart, '99, upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Nicholson, '97, and Davis, '99, argued on the negative side. The subject is an exceedingly painful one and in these days of union and brotherhood, it were best buried forever. The judges, Messrs. Bingham, '95, Sullivan, '96, and Kestner, '99, awarded the victory to the negative.

Rothert, '98, and Ohlemacher, '99, gave a dialogue entitled "The meeting of Mr. Senior, '95, and Mr. Duck, '95." Mr. Duck proved to be a 1995 man in College and related all the wonders that had taken place since Mr. Senior, 1895, took his sheepskin. The monkey language was the chief study, the students went to Great Falls in a flying machine, and so on.

Mr. Bowen, '97, declaimed "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and Mr. Cowan, '95, made the critic's report. Altogether the programme was of a thrilling nature.

On Saturday evening President Gallaudet delivered a helpful lecture on "The true object of a College Course." He thought there were six different motives which led young people to go to College: First, For the enjoyment; the pleasures of college life, and an easy time compared with a business life. Second, For freedom from the restraints of home. Third, For the honor or *ecclat*. Fourth, To increase their chances of securing desirable employment. Fifth, Because they cannot do anything else. Sixth, From a sincere desire to improve their minds.

The first, second, third and fifth motives are not praiseworthy. The fourth cannot be ignored. The "bread and butter" question is a grave one, and, to the deaf, somewhat more difficult of solution than to others. It is a cause of congratulation that so many of our college graduates have become teachers. The college course is eminently adapted for such as hope to fill a teacher's position. The college course also adds, undoubtedly, to one's resources in almost all employments. But the fourth motive is at best one of secondary importance. Considering the sixth point: It is not the highest end of the college course to fill the student's mind with knowledge. The greater end of *mere* study is the discipline of the mind—the formation of habits that will enable the mind to work at its best through life. The college course helps wonderfully in this. But the true object of a college course is not merely to discipline the mind. What a man can be of greater consequence than what he can do. More wonderful than any mere intellectual power of man is the moral capacity of his soul—the ability to choose between right and wrong. From the wise exercise of this "power of choice" comes that maturing and settling of character which is the highest object of the college course.

More than ever in our College with the new Technical department in operation, will the "bread and butter" question be pressed, and for this reason, added to those brought forward, must we try to keep alive here a lofty and adequate conception of the true object of a college course. This may in a few words be stated to be the fullest possible development of the mental powers and moral perceptions of our students, with the elevating of their characters to the highest standard of Christian manhood and womanhood. And if we attain a reasonable degree of success in this, all the incidental issues, such as the bread and butter question, or the choice of an occupation will settle themselves without difficulty.

In conclusion Dr. Gallaudet dwelt on the importance of obeying the voice of duty rather than yielding to that of inclination, in every circumstance.

The "thou shalt" and "thou

shalt not" of the decalogue, are stern but wholesome.

The Saviour's "If ye love me, keep my commandments," is full of tenderness, and appeals to our highest sensibilities. It is even thus that *Alma Mater* speaks to each one of her children.

We have not been able to give the lecture entire, but the above will show the main points.

We also refer our readers to Dr. Gallaudet's article on "The Education of the Deaf," reprinted from the New York *Evening Post*, in another column.

Base Ball—a game with the Engineer Commission team of the Departmental league was played Wednesday.

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6
Visitors—1 0 5 0 0 1—7
Kendalls—0 0 2 3 9 —14

Barr, a professional, who used to play with us, and a C. A. C. man, were with the Visitors.

Thursday afternoon the Portlands came up to play our second nine. Score stood 14 to 13 against the Kendalls.

Miss Kershner, '97, is President of the Young Ladies Tennis Club; Miss McDill, Vice-President, and Miss McCowan, '98, Treasurer. There are fourteen members.

Dean Porter preached Sunday afternoon from Galatians 2:20—"Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Miss Frederick signed a hymn:

"Jesus, these eyes have never seen." JANUS.

PHILADELPHIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Pastoral Aid Society of All Souls' Church will hold a festival for the benefit of the church at the parish hall, Wednesday evening, May 29th. Every deaf-mute ought to patronize the society, for the society has already done much to pay off the debts of the church during several years.

At All Souls' Club hall, the annual business meeting of the club took place, last Thursday evening, but owing to absence of the Secretary of the club, who was unable to go out on account of illness, Rev. Mr. Koehler called the meeting to order, and Mr. Robert M. Zeigler was appointed as secretary *pro tem*. Rev. Mr. Koehler called Messrs. Lipsett, and Waterhouse and Miss Parker to the rostrum who promised to do their duties according to their knowledge and ability as the Constitution required. Then President Lipsett was introduced, and made a few remarks concerning the prospects for advancing the welfare of the club, which were loudly applauded by the audience. On motion, chairman Koehler appointed Mr. W. H. Lipsett and Mrs. Syle and Miss Kate Keen, to draft a series of resolutions to be sent to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and St. Ann's Church. The meeting adjourned.

Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett will give a lecture on "Life in Libby Prison," before All Souls' Club, next Thursday evening.

Miss Sutton of the Mt. Airy Institution for the Deaf, will kindly entertain the said club with a lecture on Japan and its Customs, on Thursday evening, May 9th.

Miss Annie Zuest, of this city, went to Washington, D. C., last Friday afternoon, where she expects to be present at the Presentation Exercises in Gallaudet College and visit her friends for a week.

Rev. Mr. Koehler arrived home from Seranton, Pa., and Wilmington, Del., last Tuesday evening, after a few weeks' itinerant missionary work. He presented to the Bishop of Delaware some deaf-mutes for confirmation at Wilmington, Del., last Tuesday.

This afternoon, Rev. Mr. C. O. Dantzer, missionary to the Deaf of Central and Western New York, assisted Rev. Mr. Koehler in conducting services at All Souls' Church, and delivered an instructive sermon on the text: "I will give you a new commandment, that you love one another as I love you that you also love one another." After the service, when the bible class was dismissed, Rev. Mr. Dantzer and Rev. Mr. Koehler made short addresses about the former's work in Central and Western New York. Then Rev. Mr. Dantzer had a very pleasant reception with the members of the congregation. He is the guest of Rev. Mr. Koehler, until he goes to Washington, D. C., on Tuesday morning.

When Mr. Chas. Waterhouse went to Allen's Lane Station yesterday afternoon, in order to pay a visit to his *alma mater* in Mt. Airy, he was loudly received by the pupils of the Institution, who escorted him to the school, where he spent a very enjoyable time till the evening.

Mr. Richard Ormrod, who has been ill with La Grippe for several days, was over to visit his chum, Mr. John Tarry, in Upland, Pa., for a few days.

Rev. Mr. C. O. Dantzer seemed to be pleased to meet his old schoolmate, Mrs. W. G. Pownall, who was educated at Buffalo.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., April 28, '95.

Deaf, dumb, blind and an imbecile, the Earl of Arundel, heir to the oldest, richest and proudest peerage in England, is not envied by any healthy man who can earn a dollar a day and enjoy it.

NEW YORK.

The Dog Grieved Itself to Death.

ST. ANN'S CONGREGATION WORSHIP AT ST. JOHN'S.

The Apron and Neck-Tie Party in Brooklyn Draws a Respectable Crowd--The News of the Week in a Condensed Form.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

We have heard it told of dogs grieving themselves to death, but the present instance it is one that came directly under our observation. The dog in question was the property of Mr. Gus. Fersenheim, for a quarter of a century an employee in the Post Office. It was a black dog of the black and tan species, and for twelve years had made itself useful to Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim in more ways than one. As a watch dog it had proved its superiority, and for informing its deaf master and mistress when the bell rang or some one was advancing, it was a blessing. It showed a keener attachment for Mrs. Fersenheim than the husband, who was absent from the house six days in the week to sort mail matter in the post-office. Mrs. Fersenheim died about two months ago from a paralytic stroke. Since then the dog has done nothing but moan and groan. All food offered her she refused, and if she ate at all it was but a few mouthfuls to satisfy her great hunger. In this way she lived for weeks, until a month ago she joined in the sleep that knows no awakening. Dogs certainly have souls, but not of the spirit kind.

The first service for the deaf in St. John's Church was held Sunday afternoon, but there were not many in attendance—probably twenty-five deaf and an equal number of hearing people. At times Dr. Gallaudet spoke orally and used signs at the same time. Rev. Dr. DeCosta and he joined in prayer for a sick little girl friend of the church. The church is very well lighted, so that the reverend doctor could be understood from any part of the room, which is a trifle smaller than the one at St. Ann's.

St. John's Church is not so far out of the way as might be supposed. It is about five minutes' walk from Sixth Avenue. Those who use the Sixth Avenue "L" should get out at 8th street (which becomes Greenwich Avenue west of Sixth Avenue), and walk east till they come to Eleventh Street, and then walk south one block.

The Apron and Necktie Party under the management of Miss H. Henry, Miss Gantz and Mrs. Juhling, in aid of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, was held Saturday evening in the rooms of the Brooklyn Society. About fifty were present, and seemed to enjoy the event. Dancing was indulged in to some extent, and refreshments were served. The lights were burned down at half past eleven o'clock. Not quite half a dozen were there from this side of the Bridge.

It would take something more than a brass foundry and audacity, backed by the original Ananias himself to equal the scribbler for "the only independent paper for the deaf" published not a thousand miles from near where the late Fair was held. I could quote many an instances, but it is too tiresome a job, and not worth the candle, but in justice to the ladies who managed the late theatrical entertainment and reception, I will take the trouble to correct him in one case. He says there were 115 at the reception. Granting that there were, he then says of the "Farewell Entertainment" the next evening: "A great many more were present at this evening's entertainment than at that of the Ladies' Auxiliary the previous evening. A great many more! Well, I should smile. At the Farewell Entertainment Mr. Soper, who took in the tickets, gave me the exact number as being 110. Now how is 110 a great many more than 115?"

The "i.e." made it appear last week that Mr. Charles McMannus had been married again. It should have read Charles McMann. Mr. and Mrs. McMann had a very pretty wedding, many relatives of both families being present, among them being Prof. E. B. Nelson, the popular Principal of the Rome, N. Y., School, who is a brother of the bride. The happy couple started for Albany and from there to Niagara Falls, to be gone on their honeymoon quite a while.

Mr. James F. Donnelly and Miss Nellie F. Kelly were married last week, Wednesday, the 24th, which was a day earlier than previously stated in this column. Rev. Father Fagan tied the knot, a brother of the groom and a sister of the bride acting as best man and bridesmaid respectively. They have gone to housekeeping in Brooklyn.

H. Zerovitch, who acquired some fame by traveling to the Pacific Coast without money a year ago, exercised his traveling propensities again last week by going to Boston, where he met his father. They both were summoned to the bedside of his mother in this city, but she died before their arrival here.

Mrs. Frank Roberts, of Galeville, N. Y., was in town last week, the guest of Miss Gussie Berley.

Mr. Geo. Wormuth has returned to Fosterdale, N. Y., but Mrs. W. is still in this city.

Miss Mary Lewis, of Albany, and Mr. Peter Mitchell, of this city are engaged to be married, the date having been fixed for some time this month or next.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bothner, parents, Mr. C. A. Bothner, Mrs. Lounsbury and Mrs. Palmer, of Albany, sail for Germany, on June 4th, to be gone about four months.

Miss M. H. Jones will spend Decoration Day in Albany, N. Y., the guest of Mrs. M. R. Palmer.

Mr. Henry J. Haight moves this week to Goshen, N. Y., and will dispose of his house on Madison Avenue.

The Quad Club holds its regular meeting Saturday. A full attendance is expected, as interesting events are looked for.

Trolley victim No. 108 in Brooklyn proved to be a deaf-mute, and he may go on the records as Brooklyn deaf-mute trolley victim No. 1. He was James Hoffheimer, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, and a carpenter by trade. His funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Many of his classmates were present, as well as members of the Union League, who had been specially invited.

Miss Josephine Jones, sister of Miss Maggie H. Jones, is to be married on Wednesday, May 8th. Several deaf friends have been invited to attend.

Floyd Bolin, who came to Jersey City from Indianapolis, Ind., several years ago, and since which time he has been already employed in a flour mill, returned to Indianapolis Monday, in response to a call to return to work in the bicycle factory, where he was last employed. He leaves behind many friends who regret his departure.

John F. O'Brien has at last moved over to gay Gotham from the 'Burgh on the other side of the river. He is now living on Park Avenue.

The Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Half Century Association cleared over \$15 from the recent entertainment and reception.

TEB.

WEDDING BELLS.

Jersey City was the scene of an interesting wedding April 28th, when were united in matrimony Miss Mary McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mr. Geo. W. Gross, of Jersey City, N. J. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father James E. Doran, of St. Bridget's R. C. Church, before quite a number of the hearing and deaf-mute friends of the couple. Miss Katie Dixon was bridesmaid and Mr. Henry Wantz acted as best man.

The bride was attired in a becoming gown of grey silk, and Miss Dixon wearing a dress of the same material of a lighter shade. Concluding the services a reception was held at the newly-acquired home of Mr. and Mrs. Gross, where they received the congratulations of their friends, and were made the recipients of many useful and pretty wedding gifts. A collation was served, and among those who contributed to wishing long life and happy days of wedded bliss to Mr. and Mrs. Gross were noted Mr. and Mrs. John F. McLaughlin, Mr. James F. O'Neil and Miss Lizzie McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Berden, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Edward Manning, of Jersey City, N. J.

The bride is well and favorably known in deaf-mute circles in Brooklyn and New York City, and received her education at St. Joseph's School, Brooklyn. Mr. Gross is an old time Fanwood boy, possessed of a good education, and capable of looking out for himself, in business as well as other affairs.

He Assisted the Matron.

The Populist pay roll of the asylum for the deaf and dumb at Olathe shows that young Mr. Lease drew a salary at that institution as "assistant matron." There are now in the Lease family one "new woman," and two "new men."—*Kansas City Star*.

THOUGHT HE WAS CRAZY.

OAKLAND, April 18.—Edwin Colby, a deaf-mute, whose home is at 309 Seventh Street, San Francisco, was arrested this morning on a charge of insanity. His wife was sent for at his request, and when she gave her testimony at the hearing this afternoon the prisoner was acquitted.

Colby's arrest resulted from his failure to reply when a policeman met him in Lincoln Park and asked him what he was doing. The mute thought he had been arrested on suspicion of some crime and the first thing he wrote out at the City Prison was: "I didn't do it; I am an innocent man."

That strengthened the supposition that he was insane, and but for his wife Colby might have been railroaded to the asylum.

COLUMBUS.

The Pupils See the Circus.

HOY'S MARVELOUS CATCH

A Deaf-Mute Wedding--Other News.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The circus season opened in Columbus this week by the Sells Bros., and as a consequence it has been the main topic of conversation among the pupils. Thursday, the opening day, a fine parade was given, and pupils taken to a convenient point along the route of procession to witness it. Thursday afternoon, most of the pupils, at a small cost of admission, attended the performances. The exhibition on the whole was fine, several new features having been added since last year. The pupils thoroughly enjoyed the acting as well as the half day's release from school work.

The deaf are interested in Willie Hoy the great deaf-mute ball player, and anything that the papers say in regard to his playing is relished by them. Last Sunday the Cincinnati and Cleveland League Clubs played together and little Hoy greatly distinguished himself in the game. The *Enquirer* has the following in regard to his playing qualities:—

"Little Hoy, the mute outfielder, was accorded an ovation yesterday that is seldom ever given any body. Hoy saved the day.

"It was a marvelously executed play that ended the eighth inning in yesterday's game and stemmed the rapidly advancing tide of victory upon which the Clevelanders were riding toward the goal of success.

"Hoy's capture of Patsey Tebeau's long line fly yesterday is the greatest catch of the year. Great at any time, its greatness was emphasized by the fact that it came right in the nick of time. It came when the Clevelanders were in the throes of a batting rally which threatened to wipe out the home team's comfortable lead. Had that ball got past Hoy there is no telling what would have occurred. It would have sent two more runs to the rubber and put Tebeau on third. It was little short of miraculous how the dummy caught it. He had to jump at least three feet in the air. He was twisted, with his back to the stand. He just managed to go up at the right time, and his hand intercepted the flight of the ball just at the right angle. He came down in a heap, fell over on his side, but stuck to the ball. Then what a thunderous roar of applause went up when the crowd realized that he had caught the ball and stopped the Clevelanders in their wonderfully rally. How they cheered, and it was all wasted on Hoy, who could not hear the noise. He knew that he had saved the day, however, and was as proud as a peacock.

"While Hoy's catch in yesterday's game was a wonderful one, it is doubtful if it compares with one that he made at the Cincinnati Park some years ago, when he was with the Washingtons. The play occurred on the old diamond. With one run needed to tie the score and two hands out, Bid McPhee let go with might and main. He hit the ball fairly on the trade-mark. The ball was headed for the old clubhouse. Spectators were on their feet getting ready to yell, but their exultant cries died in their throats. Little Hoy, who had turned when the ball was hit and ran at full speed with his back to the crowd suddenly left his feet with a mighty spring, and with one hand snatched the ball out of the air. It was just such another catch as yesterday's, only that catch received an entirely different reception from that of yesterday's. Yesterday's catch saved the day for us. His other catch beat us out of the game."

The Independents came home Saturday evening somewhat crestfallen. Big smiles were wanting, and they cared little to talk. The Capital University Club had taken all the ginger out of them, by defeating them 23 to 10. Their record for continual victories is thus broken, and that made them suffer their defeat the harder. Several causes led to this. The Capital boys, it is claimed, in order to get even for their previous defeat, hired several of their former players for this occasion. Several members of the Independents were not in good condition to play, and their weakness operated greatly against their playing. However, it is to be hoped the club will do better hereafter, and thus retain the glory it has achieved thus far.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Ella Zell, we are enabled to give some of the details of the wedding between Mr. Joseph H. Vance and Miss Elizabeth T. McNeely, announcement of which was made last week.

The wedding occurred Wednesday evening, April 17th, instead of the 18th, as we had it, at the residence of the bride's mother, 201

Central Avenue. Plants and cut flowers adorned the room in which the guests assembled to witness the ceremony. Rev. Mr. Whitehead, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Newport, made the couple husband and wife. This he did orally, and in signs, having been taught the latter by the bride previous to the wedding. The *Kentucky Post* in speaking of the affair says:—

"A sadness seemed to pervade the whole assembly, for those who possessed the gift of speech it seemed so sad to think the bride and groom could never hear each other's voices. There were quite a number of mutes present, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. There was a bond of sympathy existing between them that was beautiful to an observer. One of them wrote to the reporter: 'We never hear anything disagreeable.' The scientific world says when a human being is deprived of one sense the others are more fully developed, and it was certainly the case last evening, for everyone of the mutes present had excelled in some branch of art and literature and science.

"The mother of the bride, Mrs. C. McNeely, is the widow of Major C. McNeely, of the United States Army, and was a Cassamen, of Lexington, Ky., one of the wealthiest and prominent families of the blue-grass region.

"The bridal table, which was of handsome mahogany, has quite a history connected with it, the great grandmother, the grandmother, the mother and child having sat around it at the wedding feasts. It was very prettily adorned with flowers, cut glass and silver, and finished by the bridal cake, of which every one was anxious to get a piece, for it is said that the bridal cake of a mute, dreamed upon, will bring health, wealth, beauty and wisdom to the dreamer."

There were nine deaf-mutes in attendance, among them Mr. E. Zell, of Columbus, who is a student of the Cincinnati Art School, and was a schoolmate of Mrs. McNeely, Mrs. M. Dundon, of Pleasant Ridge, Miss Laura George, Messrs. J. M. Byrns and John Barriack. A fine wedding supper was served. Presents from admiring friends of the bride were numerous and handsome. After May 15th, they will be found at home in a house of their own on Price Hill, one of the fine hill-tops of Cincinnati. We extend our well wishes to both.

The Annual Report for 1894 has at last made its appearance. The first part of it is embellished with a number of cuts giving views in the shops, school rooms and library, also a page gives the likeness of the trustees, superintendent and steward of the institution. The salient points in the report have already been printed in these columns, so it is unnecessary to refer to them again.

Our former Steward, Mr. Wm. H. Williams, is rapidly becoming prominent. The new mayor of Columbus last week promoted him from Director of Accounts to that of Director of Public Safety, a position that carries with it great responsibility. Mr. Williams now has the well-being of the city upon his shoulders, having charge of the Fire and Police Departments, where great judgment is necessary in the appointment of officers, and where, if any thing goes wrong, the whole blame is laid at his door. Mr. Williams' character and ability give evidence, however, that he will be equal to the occasion and leave no room for criticism.

The Anderson Club of Cincinnati gives a raffle to-night of a number of articles donated by the merchants of the Queen City. The proceeds go towards the Home Fund.

The fountain in the front yard has received its spring cleaning out, and engineer Grate is giving the figure and the fence surrounding the basin a coat of paint.

A firm of this city offered, as a prize, a pony and cart to the school boy who would sell the most show tickets in aid for two hospitals of this city. Master Carl Williams, the only son of Mr. Wm. H. Williams secured the prize. He disposed of nearly 3000 tickets. Like his father, he don't talk much but is a hustler in anything he undertakes.

A. B. G.
April 27, '95.

A scene enacted at the Kindergarten for the Blind on Monday was amusing and pathetic. Tommy Stringer stood in line with the boys, nearly all of whom possess all the senses save sight. Tommy, who is both deaf and dumb as well as blind, took silent part in the patriotic song, when each child holds up a flag at a certain time and lowers it. Tommy's prompter was a tiny little fellow and now and then he forgot to guide Tommy's hand. The effect on the audience was instantaneous, and, strange to say, Tommy seemed to appreciate the fact of being out of tune with his gesture, as his happy face was wreathed with smiles. A cute little miss with a sad face, being evidently full of music, held up her dainty white skirts with two hands and began to keep time with the music as if dancing. It was a touching sight, and one that clings to me somehow.—*Boston Post*, April 14th.

Miss Emma L. Plympton, teacher of articulation in the Portland, Me., School for the Deaf, has been summoned to Albany, N. Y., on account of the critical illness of her brother. During the past fifteen years this is the first time that Miss Plympton has been absent for a day.

YEARS AGO.

Years ago, in childhood's morning,
When sweet Hope was budding new,
Came a bitter frost and blighting—
Ah, the blossom withered through!

Years ago, a boy of promise
Bright and winsome trod the soil;
Frenzied hope and joyous feeling
Deafness came, his life to spoil!

Years ago, a lad was missing,
Soon forgotten, notice from;
Sped the years on silent pinions;
Stands he now among the dumb.

Nevermore shall nature's timbre
Sound upon my useless ear;
Nevermore shall fairy music
Gently purr for me to hear!

Nevermore shall strains supernal
In our dear old village lane,
Waft me to Euterpe's bower,
Close my eyes in sleep again!

Nevermore in boyish ardor
Shall my heart exultant beat
To the rat-a-tat and flogging
Of the soldiers on the street!

Nevermore at solemn midnight
Shall I hear the baby's wail,
And poor papa pace the chamber,
Hapless martyr to its wail!

Nevermore shall little Ada
Breathe her dulcet sighs to me;
Nevermore shall sound whatever
Set my dormant heart a-glee!

But the wretched are not friendless:
Rises now that flower anew,
Watered by the dew of feeling,
Strengthened by the smile of you!

You, my dear immortal granny,
Now enfolds me with your wing,
And I seem to hear the carols
Which my granny used to sing!

—J. HENRY HOGAN.

SHORT STORIES RETOLD.

One of the judgments of Sir Francis Johnston, chief-justice of the superior court of the Province of Quebec, was appealed to the court of appeals and sustained. On being met by Judge M—, the latter said: "Well, Frank, I have just sustained a judgment of yours." "Yes? Well, my dear M—, I still think I was right."

Gilbert Stewart, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the streets of Boston who said to him: "Ah, Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Stewart, "It was not like me."

In early life Sir Robert Rawlinson was a stonemason, and he has never forgotten it. On one occasion, while passing through Chorley, he pointed to a step and said, "That step is well set." His friend, a well known lawyer laughed and said, "How should I know?" "I do," was Sir Robert's reply, "for I set it myself."

When Judge Buxton, of North Carolina, as a young lawyer made his first appearance at the bar, the solicitor, as is customary in that State, asked him to take charge of a case for him. The young lawyer did his best, and the jury found the defendant, who was charged with some petty misdemeanor, guilty. Soon after, one of the jurors, coming around the bar, tapped him on the shoulder. "Buxton," said he, "the jury did not think that man was guilty, but we did not like to discourage a young lawyer."

Few persons probably remember Thackeray's allusion in verse to the late Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College. When the discussion over the Doctor's appointment to the headship of Queen's College, Belfast, was at its height, Thackeray wrote in his characteristic Irish brogue a poem purporting to be by the hand of Master Molloy Molloy, aged fifteen. The opening stanza runs thus:

"As I think of the insult that's done to this nation
Hot tears of revings from me fatures
I wash,
And uphold in this poem to the world's daystation
The sleeves that appointed Professor McCosh."

Rumor has it that Mrs. Cleveland recently made a clever reply to one of those interfering women who feel competent to judge of all matters for all sorts and conditions of people.

Recently as wife of the President she officiated at the launching of a vessel and broken a bottle of champagne according to ancient custom. For this she has been roundly condemned, and a woman prominent in the temperance movement personally condemned her for so doing. "My dear," replied Mrs. Cleveland, "I should think you would applaud my act. Surely it was better to spill the wine as I did than to leave it for the captain of the vessel to drink."

It is said that most great men owed their advancement in life to accidents of success early in their public careers. How Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton first won the smile of their sovereign, is well known. M. de Chamillart, Minister of France, owed his promotion to the fact that he was the only man in France who could beat Louis XIV at billiards, and probably forebore so to do. We are told that "he retired with a pension after ruining the finances of his country," not at all a unique performance. Louis Barbier owed his rise to his familiar knowledge of Rabelais, a taste shared by his patron, the Duke of Orleans, through whose means he became a Cardinal.

One of the latest anecdotes of the new French President relates to a rather amusing experience of the war

of '70. M. Casimir-Perier was in command of a company of Mobiles at the action of Bagnaux, in which he recognized a young peasant who came from a village adjoining his estate distinguishing himself by his coolness and excellent shooting. Accordingly he accosted him. "Well done, my lad! You shall have a medal for this. But, tell me, were did you learn to shoot so straight?" The young private was greatly taken aback, but at last managed to stammer out, "Well, captain, if the truth must be told, it was at the hares on your estate!" The captain was as good as his word. He forgot the hares, but remembered the Prussians.

Deschappelles, the greatest whist-player the world has ever seen, had but one hand and was an advanced Republican. His manual dexterity was remarkable, and it was very interesting to watch him with his one hand—and that his left—collect the cards, sort them, play them and gather them in tricks. Late in life, when he had developed into ardent republicanism, he was supposed to have been mixed up in some of the attempts at revolution which broke out in the earlier days of the reign of Louis Philippe. His papers were seized, and it was proved that he had drawn up a list of persons to be disposed of. Among them was an elderly acquaintance, so described, "Vatry (Alphie) to be guillotined. Reason—*citizen inutile*. Vatry is a bad whist-player."

When Marshall Lefebvre was made Duke of Dantzie, the new duchess (who was the original of Sardou's Mme. Sane-Gene) went to the Tuileries to thank the Empress Josephine. As Mme. la Marechale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call her by that name, entered to take the orders of the chamberlain-in-waiting; he returned and addressed her, "Mme. la Marechale may enter." The lady looked askance at him, but entered the *salon*, and the Empress, rising, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying, with engaging graciousness, "How is the Duchess of Dantzie?" La Marechale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then turning towards the usher, who was in the act of shutting the door, "Hey, my boy," said she, "what do you think of that?"

As James Russell Lowell was leaving his house one morning, his wife said to him: "Now, James, I beg of you not to bring anyone home to dinner to-day. We are too much distracted with house-cleaning to cook, and the prospect is that there will be little for us to eat." Mr. Lowell promised to heed her request, but he met during the day the oldest son of an English family with whom he had been on terms of friendship while minister to the court of St. James. He now forgot his wife's admonition, and insisted upon the young Englishman's going home with him to dinner. The meal consisted of "picked fish" and potatoes. The guest was evidently puzzled. He had never eaten "picked fish" before. Mrs. Lowell, meantime, was haunted by thoughts of the apple-pie that was to finish the repast. Her sensations may be imagined when the Englishman, after playing daintily with the contents of his plate, remarked in the most courteous manner: I know that Mrs. Lowell will pardon me if I omit the fish course."

Deaf Teachers of the Hearing.

One would say at first thought that if there is any position for which the deaf are specially unfitted it is that of teachers of hearing people; but there have come to our knowledge three recent instances in which deaf persons have filled such positions with remarkable success. One was Mr. George C. Williams, a former pupil of the Hartford School and Gallaudet College, who died a year ago; he was teacher of Penmanship in the New Haven Business College. Another was Miss Sarah T. Adams, a graduate of the Western New York Institution, whose lamented death occurred still more recently. She was a teacher of art in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn. The third is Mr. Douglas Tilden, a graduate of the California Institution, who has attained distinction as a sculptor, and is now a teacher in the Hopkins Art Institute of San Francisco.

Another case, more remarkable than any of the foregoing, though we are not informed that the results of the instruction given are equally satisfactory, is that of Mrs. Philip Peacha, formerly Miss Irene Ferguson, of St. Paul, Minn. According to an editorial paragraph in the *Minnesota Companion* of January 19, 1895, Mrs. Peacha, "notwithstanding her deafness, which is total, not only plays the piano correctly and with taste, but also gives music lessons to several hearing pupils, and earns a comfortable little sum every week. Mrs. Peacha lost her hearing entirely when she was fourteen years old. She began to learn to play on the piano when she was seven years old. She is all the time learning new pieces. When asked how she could teach piano-playing when she could not hear, she replied that she could tell by the eye the minute one of her pupils made a mistake."—*Annals*.

DIDN'T HEAR THE MUSIC.

BUT THE DEAF-MUTES' SOCIAL CLUB DANCED JUST THE SAME—AN EVENT A LITTLE OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The Lynn Deaf-Mutes' Social Club held its annual ball in Lasters' Hall, Thursday evening, and upward 100 persons were present, including visitors from Salem, Lowell, Haverhill, Worcester, Boston, Cambridge and other cities of New England. The Committee of Arrangements labored zealously for the past few months for the success of this event and everything passed off in such an enjoyable manner that they have every reason to be confident of undertaking similar events in the future.

Among the earliest arrivals in the hall were Henry A. and Eugene A. Acheson, proprietors of the *American Gazette*, a Boston weekly devoted to the interest of the deaf-mutes of New England, and Henry C. White, editor of the same. Lurvey's Orchestra played with vim and vigor. The march was formed at 8.30, led by John Brazzell and Miss Mamie Hatchford, of Worcester, followed by twenty-five couples.

A little difficulty was experienced in the first dance, as the participants did not quite understand the prompter, but when W. C. Buxton, who is the son of a deaf-mute, but gifted with the faculty of speech besides knowing their silent language, acted as interpreter, everything went along with uniformity. Deaf-Mutes were coupled with hearing partners so that, with Mr. Buxton's assistance, everything moved along smoothly, and there was no break nor interruption in the whirling maze and measured step of the dancers. A large number of interested persons viewed the proceedings from the gallery, and other than from the remarkable stillness that prevailed, an observer could not distinguish it from any other ball.

A banquet was served between the hours of 11 and 12, by Caterer Smith, and those who attended relished the tempting viands. The

MENU.			
HOT DISHES.			
Turkey.	Escalloped Oysters.	Tongue.	Chicken Pie.
Mashed Potatoes.	Cranberry Sauce.		
SALADS.			
Lobster.	Chicken.		
SWEETS.			
Frozen Pudding.	Charlotte Russe.		
FRUIT.			
Oranges.	Bananas.	Raisins.	
CAKES.			
Raisin.	Pound.	Lady.	Frosted.
			Fancy Cakes.
Cocoanut.	Macaroons.	Kisses.	
ICE-CREAM.			
Vanilla.	Strawberry.	Chocolate.	
	Harlequin.		
Orange Sherbet.	Lemon Sherbet.		
	Coffee and rolls.		

At 12 o'clock dancing was resumed, many staying until a late hour.

This social club was organized two years ago for the social interests of the deaf-mutes, and during that time they have been very successful. It is their intention to have similar events every year.

The management was as follows: Floor Director, John Brazzell; Assistant, J. W. White; Aids, J. C. Underwood, Eugene A. Acheson, Edward Welch and W. C. Buxton; Reception Committee, D. Cantlin, Manager, J. F. Lang, Chairman, and J. Butler.—*Lynn (Mass.) Daily Item*, April 20.

A Deaf-Mute Victim of the Trolley.

James Hofheimer, a deaf-mute, 21 years of age, who lived with his mother, Angeline Hofheimer, and his four sisters at 166 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, was run over and killed Sunday night by trolley car No. 52 of the West End Railroad, which runs from Brooklyn to Coney Island. He left his home about 2 o'clock in the afternoon with the intention of taking a long walk, as he explained to his mother in the sign language. He went to Coney Island and was run down while walking back on the trolley track.

He had reached a point about a mile from the island when the car, which was going to the island, started from the Club House station about 300 feet ahead of him. Just as the car approached him he seemed to stumble, and before Motorman Thomas Brown could come to a stop he was struck and hurled under the wheels. The body was dragged along several yards, and life was extinct when it was extricated, the neck, one arm, and one leg having been broken.

Some of the railroad officials told the police of the Bath Beach station that the man was drunk and was seen to stagger along the track for some time before the accident occurred, but it is thought that his unsteady movements may have resulted from the fatigue attending his long walk. He was shortsighted as well as deaf, and probably did not see the car until it was close upon him. He was a cabinetmaker by occupation.

His mother, on being notified of the accident, went to the club house, to which the body had been taken, and made arrangements for its removal to her home. She said her son was not a drinker. The motorman and William Kerr, the conductor, were arrested.

FANWOOD.

Current News and "Ego" Views.

AN OPENING FOR DR. BELL

The Gym. Unfree from Nemi Glee.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The regular monthly reunion of the pupils took place in the girls' sitting room on Saturday evening, and all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Principal Currier lived over his younger days, and was a veritable youth.

It is expected that the enforcement of the new compulsory school education law will greatly enlarge our army of pupils next Fall. Many a poor neglected deaf-mute will be found in the different families, to whom the advantages of an education may open untold chances. Age, below the score mark, is no drawback. Everything is possible! We live in a progressive age, notwithstanding all that Herr Nordau, the German philosopher, may say to the contrary.

Rain prevented the game with Willet Point on Saturday. Our team had gone as far as the 34th Street Ferry, where meeting Manager Fox by appointment, it was decided to turn back, as there was no sign of a cessation of atmospheric lachrymological demonstrations. The attention of the team is now centered on their batting, and if conscientious, untiring endeavor amount to anything, they will undoubtedly show up far better in their next baseball game. Noticeably the Kendalls are having no better luck than we. I wonder if the proposed Fanwood-Kendall game will ever really come off. People are strangely silent on the subject.

Said Pshaw is very touchy on the subject of plagiarism. Perhaps she is unaware that we all, perchance unintentionally, plagiarize once in a while. Every thought has been thought before. There is nothing new under the sun, or the moon, for that matter. How oft a long-forgotten episode or idea read or heard somewhere, will turn up spontaneously and delude us into the belief that it is of our own conception! We are never exactly sure of our own creative genius. Doubtless those cholera-productive incidents related by Said Pshaw last week point invisibly through obliterated traces, to foreign brain origin, which in turn points farther back. The best we can do is to reproduce "what oft was thought before but ne'er so well expressed."

The probable dissection of the Flowery Kingdom should arouse Dr. Bell to the seizure of a tract suitable to the nationalization of his "deaf variety of the human race." "No Man's Land" colony, off Nantucket, might consolidate.

The present situation of the gymnasium, on the top-floor of the Academic building, is evidently very inconvenient. Noisy exercises unsettle the equanimity of the hearing teachers below, and even the pupils are not unaffected by the shocks. The floor sometimes gives way to tremulous demonstrations due to the excessive strain on its forbearance. Some day we may expect one of our acrobats, in the performance of a wondrous aerial feat, to land on the surface with such force as to immediately see-same an unknown route to a facitious position astride some teacher's shoulders while the latter is engaged at his desk. Such is not impossible, especially if the acrobat chances to be a darkey, landing on his head. These and other considerations make it apparent that the erection of a new gymnasium structure on the site of the old power-house is worth considering. The adoption of this proposition would be hailed with delight by all who, in the absence of an elevator find it necessary to climb three exhausting flights of stairs up to the present gymnasium floor. But perhaps at the present time, when so great a structure as the new trades school building is pending construction, the suggestion is out of place. The latter will probably face the Ridge Road, instead of crowning the debris of the old building which recently collapsed during an involuntary pyrotechnical display.

Prof. Percival Hall lectured in the chapel on Sunday morning. His remarks were intended chiefly for the enlightenment of those who will shortly leave school to breast the breakers. Honesty and industry he urged as the principal elements of success, while cheerfulness he recommended as a very important factor in social relations. As a remedy for all griefs and discouragements, he prescribed work. "It is not work that kills a man; it is worry." Work, therefore, with a will.

The trees are fast changing from winter dishabille to summer raiment, "and all the air a drowsy sweet-ness holds."

I fail to see the congruity of the term *asylum* as applied to schools for

the deaf supported by the State. Are not all public schools supported by the State? But perhaps the originators of the term had in mind the fact that the State provides also board and clothing for deaf students, whereas public school scholars receive only an *education*. This would seem to class our institutions with asylums. But I am told that Cornell College and some other educational edifices never considered in the light of asylums provide also board and clothing for their students. The fact is, the deaf have for ages past been always thought of in a charitable or pauperic connection, and the sentiment sticks. With the broadening views of the twentieth century, we may hope for justice in both thought and deed. Otherwise, Nordau is right after all, and this is the age of degeneracy.

On Sunday afternoon, Principal Currier illustrated the allegory of the "Shepherd and His Sheep," sounding the pupils thoroughly as to their knowledge on the subject. The hymn, "Rock of Ages," was sung in signs by the choir.

We have been having a Spring foretaste of Summer's tophet lately, and the anticipation of what we must soon undergo is unpleasant.

Arbor Day approaches, and with it rises the sweet vision of the annual planting soon to be.

Good luck to Harry White and his co-laborers in their literary venture. The sample copy of the *American Gazette* is a creditable showing.

The JOURNAL presswork is at present necessarily accomplished elsewhere than at the temporary cottage office. The work is done at the press-room of the Harlem *Local Reporter*, and the weekly transmutation of the printed forms is certainly very inconvenient. The mailing is also done there. However, when the new trades school building is completed, no trouble of that sort need be borne.

Our young artists, accompanied by several of the teachers, were present at the Annual Exhibition of Members' Sketches, given by the Washington Heights Art Club, at Carnegie Hall, on Friday evening, the 26th. Some of the former had sketches on exhibition.

Why so silent, pretty miss? Has thy bright intellect failed thee? Has my cipher come amiss? Is my name a one that paled thee? Pshaw! Said Pshaw.

April 30, 1895.

TRESMAL.

A CHARMING WEDDING.

MISS CORNELIA MANDEVILLE NELSON BECOMES THE BRIDE OF MR. CHARLES CORNELL MCMANN—REV. DR. GALLAUDET PERFORMS THE CEREMONY.

Miss Cornelia Mandeville Nelson, daughter of Mrs. Cornelia M. Nelson, became the bride of Mr. Charles Cornell McMann, of New York City, at the home of the bride's mother on Cannon Street, on Wednesday, April 24, 1895. It was an event which included all that is charming in the familiar words "home wedding." Smiles entwined nearly everything about the rooms, and potted Easter lilies were conspicuous among the flowers that almost filled the parlor. At two o'clock, the hour set for the wedding, the bride entered the library on the arm of her brother, Mr. E. Beverly Nelson, of Rome, N. Y. Passing through to the front parlor the bride and groom met amid, perhaps, the most exquisite floral decorations in the history of Poughkeepsie weddings. Easter lilies formed a bank of pure white, around the room. The bride was given away by her mother.

The maid of honor was Miss Margaret McComb, of Columbus, O., and the bestman Mandeville K. Nelson, of Washington, D. C.

The flower maids were Miss Cornelia M. Nelson, of Washington, and Miss Edwina R. W. Nelson, of Rome, N. Y. The ushers were George Merwin Nelson of Washington, and Mr. Washburn Scoville, of Hudson, N. Y.

The bride wore a white satin gown trimmed with Duchess lace. Her veil was caught up with a sun-ray pin of pearls, the gift of the groom, while lilies of the valley played their sweet part in the bridal scene. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D. The groom's souvenir to his best man was of diamonds and pearls, and the bride's souvenirs were diamonds.

The wedding presents were from various parts of the country, some from California, others from the south, and together they represented the good wishes and love of scores of friends and relatives.

Among the guests from out of town, were Miss Goodrich, Mrs. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, and the Misses Cornell of New York; Mr. J. P. Holden, of the *Yonkers Gazette*, and family, Mr. Holden being a cousin of the bride; Rev. Reed Thomas, Archdeacon, of Orange, and family; Mr. and Mrs. Scoville, of Hudson; Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Johnson, of Peekskill; and about one hundred prominent Poughkeepsians.

Mr. and Mrs. McMann left on the five o'clock train for the north. They will reside in New York City.—*Poughkeepsie Express*, April 25.

Squadron Drills at Sea.

The smooth clean hulls of the new cruisers, their glistening steel weapons, their speed and power, the evidences of strength, both offensive and defensive, which they display, their numerous mechanical and scientific appliances, all mark them as fully abreast of the development of this age of steel, and as worthy to maintain the honor of the flag under its new and altered conditions. Once more the navy of the United States seems equal to any demands that might be made upon it, to be a sure reliance in time of National emergency, a defence in the event of National peril.

The ships weigh from four thousand to ten thousand tons each. They would be moving at a speed of fifteen knots or more. Their formation must be compact and regular, for at such a speed a mere touch of one to another might be a disabling blow, and if the squadron is scattered by ships losing distance an alert enemy may find his opportunity. Then the admiral's signals must be looked to. If the vessels change direction, they should change as one. If the admiral desires to change his formation or his front, it must be done without confusion. A captain of a ship in a fleet action has, therefore, a double duty—first, to employ his own weapons to the best advantage and to endeavor to avoid those of the enemy; second, to manoeuvre his ship with her consorts, obeying and supporting his admiral; and the latter he must do amidst the terrible din, confusion, and destruction of the former. Quick manoeuvring must therefore become to him a second nature—something to be done almost unconsciously as a matter of habit, and this habit can be acquired only by long and constant practice. The highest school of naval war in time of peace, that work which solves its problems, and is the best guarantee of future success, is manoeuvring vessels in company with others—in professional language, fleet or squadron tactics.

Proficiency in this art has always accompanied naval supremacy. It was so in the galley period and, much later, during that long period when vessels were propelled by sails alone. The victories of St. Vincent and Nelson were the joint product of their genius and of fleets of unusual mobility and tactical training. With modern vessels of great speed and power, independent of the wind, and armed with weapons of variety and precision, this kind of training and drill is more valuable—is, in fact, essential. Naval writers of all countries dwell upon its importance, and continually urge that increasing attention be given to it during those times of peace which afford the only real opportunity of preparing for the sharp and decisive wars of modern times.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Look for the best in people and you will be sure to find it.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, MAY 5th.
St. Ann's in the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, 11th St. and Waverly Place, N. Y., 3 P.M.
Confirmation postponed to Friday, May 10th, 8 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, 3 P.M.
Pro-Cathedral, N. Y., 3 P.M.
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 3 P.M.
St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, 3 P.M.

Deaf-mutes in the upper part of New York City are specially invited to remember the three o'clock P.M. service on the last Sunday of each month at the Pro-Cathedral Amsterdam Ave. and 110th Street.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

May 5—10:30 A.M., Cleveland, Holy Communion.
" 5—3:30 P.M., Cleveland, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Bessie's Faith.

Little Bessie's papa
Is an advertising man,
Who takes his business everywhere,
Everywhere he can.

Little Bessie heard him,
Heard him talking ads.,
And became a loyal convert
To that theory of her dad's;

And like her good papa,
Believed that anything desired
Could be had by advertising
When properly inspired.

One day there came a babe
To fill the house with joy;
A great big bouncing baby,
A ten pound baby boy.

And when Bessie saw her brother,
As she tip-toed on the mat,
And saw the babe, she said, "Mamma,
Did you advertise for that?"

—Printer's Ink.

STATISTICS OF THE DEAF.

The number of deaf-mutes in the world are roughly calculated to be from 700,000 to 900,000, and of deaf, the other losing their hearing by different accidents. The number of deaf-mutes in Great Britain amounts probably to about 20,000. To meet the educational wants of these there are on the face of the globe 397 institutions, containing 26,26,473 inmates of both sexes and employing over 2,000 teachers. Australia has 2 institutions, Austria-Hungary 17, Belgium 10, Brazil 1, Canada 7, Denmark 4, France 67, Germany 90, Great Britain and Ireland 46, Italy 45, Japan 2, Luxembourg 1, Mexico 2, Netherlands 3, New Zealand 1, Norway 7, Portugal 1, Russia 10, Spain 7, Sweden 17, Switzerland 11, United States 55, Bombay 1. The causes of deaf-mutism are, according to the Abbe Lambert and other authorities, damp atmosphere, uncleanness, bad air and dwelling, certain occupations followed by the parents, such as laundresses, excavators, miners, weavers, and all who have to work in damp and badly-ventilated places, the age of the parents, either when one or both are too young, or in cases where the mother is much older than the father (the opposite does not matter), developing in, rarely the first, but often the second and third generations of deaf-mute progenitors, scrofulous and nervous temperaments; marriage of consanguinity, a fault in the construction of the ear, fright, grief, or ill-treatment of the mother before the birth of the infant, awkwardness of midwives at the birth, exposure to cold directly after birth, and the innumerable maladies to which children are subject during infancy, such as convulsion, fever, and many other causes, some of which have not yet been fathomed. M. Merkle, says that he found the fewest deaf-mutes, or half deaf, in the wine districts, and the most in the districts where the spirit (eau de vie) was the favorite drink of the inhabitants. Canon Monfang, of Mayence, says that more than one-fourth of the deaf-mute children admitted to the institutions are the issue of marriages between relations, and the editor of the German *Organ for Deaf and Dumb* gives the following statistics upon the subject: "In Berlin the greater proportion of deaf-mutes is found among the Israelites where consanguineous marriages are frequent, and the smaller number among the Catholics, to whom such marriages are forbidden. The proportions in that city are, among the Jews, 1 in 675; the Evangelicals, 1 in 2,175; and the Catholics, 1 in 5,179."—*Ec.*

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—Printer's Ink.

PHOTOS

OF THE

Industrial Building

AT

FANWOOD

either before or after the fire for

25 cents.

R. Douglas,

Livingston, N. J.